

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME 90.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1923.

NUMBER 51

PARIS TRUST CO.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

OFFICERS

Perley F. Ripley, Pres.
J. Hastings Bean, Sec.

Leslie L. Mason, Vice-Pres.
Irving O. Barrows, Treas.

BRANCH BANK AT BUCKFIELD, MAINE

MORTON P. GARLAND, Manager

DIRECTORS:

Perley F. Ripley, Leslie L. Mason, George M. Atwood, Delbert M. Stewart, Brown, Benj. K. Billings, John A. Thru, Edwin J. Mann, Chas. E. Brett, Harold C. Fletcher.

Statement of the condition of the Paris Trust Co. at the close of business, November 30, 1923.

RESOURCES

Real Estate and Other Loans,	\$618,108.84
Stocks and Bonds,	226,856.15
Furniture and Fixtures,	6,483.62
Real Estate,	10,884.22
Cash on Deposit,	25,220.21
Cash on Hand,	19,086.63
	\$906,639.67

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock,	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus,	25,000.00
Undivided Profits,	25,884.70
Deposits	791,751.97
Notes Rediscounted	14,000.00
	\$906,639.67

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

We Offer the Following Suggestions:

Leather Chairs from.....	\$25.00 to \$60.00
Morris Chairs from.....	30.00 to 60.00
Fancy Willow Chairs from.....	12.00 to 30.00
Oak and Leather Rockers from.....	4.50 to 25.00
Cedar Chests from.....	13.95 to 25.00
Smoking Stands from.....	1.95 to 8.75
Willow Work Baskets from.....	1.75 to 9.75
Martha Washington Sewing Tables from.....	19.00 to 30.00
Waste Baskets from.....	.85 to 4.00
Children's Chair from.....	2.85 to 4.75
Electric Lamps from.....	13.85 to 25.00
Floor Lamps from.....	18.00 to 25.00
Doll Carriages from.....	4.85 to 10.85
Toddle Horses and Joy Riders from.....	3.35 to 4.50
Indian Blankets from.....	4.75 to 5.75

Beautiful assortment of Bicknell's hand colored framed pictures. Scenery in Maine and New Hampshire.

PRICES \$1.35 TO \$9.00

Thayer's Furniture Store,
E. S. JONES, Proprietor,
Billings Block, South Paris

Sanitary Plumbing.

W. H. CRIPPS

Exact prices quoted for complete installation.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Heating! Ventilating!

Plumbing!

Phone 277-8, 14 Pine Street
South Paris.

SOUTH PARIS

Monumental Works

MAURICE PETERS, Prop.

33 Myrtle Street.

All kinds cemetery work promptly attended to. Lettering, resetting and cleaning monuments.

DEALER IN

Bare, Vt. granite, Westerly, R. I., granite, Quincy, Mass., granite, Scotch Red Granite and Vermont and Italian marble.

Vacuum Cleaners

Washing Machines

and Other Electric Appliances

make household duties easier.

For information

Hill's Electric Shop
P. W. HILL, Proprietor
one FELLOWS' BLOCK
Tel. 180-2, South Paris, Me.

Suffered Bunion

20 Years!

Relieved by Fairyfoot

To wear special shoes on account of pain in feet, etc. "After 20 years of suffering, now have relief and comfort, due to Fairyfoot. Fairyfoot literally melts away. Fairyfoot is guaranteed and sold on trial free.

CHAS. H. HOWARD CO., SOUTH PARIS

TRUCKING.

Having bought the trucking business of Carroll Penley, I am ready for all kinds of work in the line of trucking and general jobbing. Look for the white horse.

VERNAL EDWARDS,
South Paris.

Why Deposit In a Savings Bank?

The law compels every Savings Bank to carry a percentage of its funds into a Reserve Fund "to meet losses if any occur."

IF YOU buy an investment and it goes wrong, YOU lose; if the Savings Bank buys the same investment and it goes wrong, it is charged to this Reserve Fund and no depositor loses a cent.

We pay you 4 per cent. compound interest.

South Paris Savings Bank

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE. 24f

Christmas Suggestions

LOOK FOR

Muslin Underwear, dainty and fine.
Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, linen, attractive in design and price.

Boudoir Caps, guaranteed becoming.

And Silk Hosiery to complete the finest outfit at

BANA I. BEEDE'S

Market Square, South Paris

At Schoff's

A big discount on all Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware during the Christmas season.

Clocks from \$1.50 to \$10. Watches from \$1.50 to \$25.

All Jewelry from 10 to 20 per cent. below the regular prices.

Come in and see the bargains that make the dollar famous.

At Schoff's

That are effective and artistic, are those we print at the Democrat office. Try us.

Posters

Among the Farmers

"SPEED THE PLOW!"

Lyrics and Location.

I love to sing a chantey of some ivy-covered wall, blue grass and the cotton blossoms grow.

To mow low some son of a tree with

the wind and roll it down the hill.

Or to row the Susquehanna River slow.

Of Anna Maria, who liked me in Maine.

My dream to sing of mother in Maine.

But the whole confounded family lives in Maine.

John D. Dray.

Under Electric Lights.

Artificial light is indeed of hastening

the maturing of plants, can be used

most successfully with plants with large

leaf areas as experiments recently con-

ducted for the Westinghouse Electric

Manufacturing Company, Columbia Uni-

versity, and General Electric Compa-

nies, find.

The experiments carried out under

the supervision of 73-year-old Julius

Hirsch, veteran florist and landscape

gardener, who has been in the field for

over 50 years, were said to be the most

scientifically accurate so far attempted in

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The Oxford Democrat.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

South Paris, Maine, December 18, 1923

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ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

Terms—\$150 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise \$200 a year. Single copies 5 cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS—All rates on application. Rates for colored illustrations \$1.20 per inch in height of column. Low rate for small illustrations. Copy must be submitted on one side of sheet. Resolutions of respects, \$1.00.

Box Partings—New types, fast presses, presses, tools, new workmen and low prices combine to make this department of our business complete and popular.

SINGLE COPIES. Single copies of *The Democrat* are five cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by mail. The copies of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris Howard's Drug Store.
W.O. Frothingham
Empire Theatre, Lewiston.
W.J. Wheeler & Co.—2 Adv.
Merrell's Druggists
The Fox Co.
Z.L. Merchant.
The Roger Davis Co.
W.B. Billings—2 Adv.
School Jewelry Store.
School Jewelry Co.
Found.
James' Funeral Meeting.
Boston Globe.
Collector's Department of Sale of Lands of
Xmas Eve. Overalls.
Cooking Apples For Sale.

James M. Day.

Bryant Pond suffered an unfortunate illness in November. James M. Day, who was confined at his home here on Sunday morning, Dec. 9, after an illness of eight weeks. Mr. Day was stricken with angina pectoris on Oct. 14, but rallied for five days. He then became ill again and was under the care of two trained nurses for several weeks. A few days before his death he suffered a paralytic shock.

Mr. Day was the son of Elijah and Maria Jackson Day, and was born in Woodstock on July 31, 1852. He received his education in the public schools of Woodstock and has always been a resident of this town.

Mr. Day married in marriage with Miss Etta Cole, daughter of William Henry and Albinia (Berry) Cole in 1874. For many years they lived on the home farm which Mr. Day had bought in 1907 he built the house at Bryant Pond where he resided until his death.

In the same year his daughter, Matoria, wife of Benjamin R. Billings, died, leaving an infant son, Fred. Mr. Day was the son of his grand parents. Since his wife's death Mr. Billings has made his home with Mr. Day, and has been affiliated with him in the wood and pulp business.

Mr. Day died in 1910, and the young grandson has since been the object of Mr. Day's constant love and care.

He also leaves an adopted daughter, Anna, wife of Edward Blodgett of Blue Hill, who was with him in his last illness.

Mrs. Claire Hathaway, his house keeper for several years, has been a faithful servant of the family.

Mr. Day was a member of Jefferson Lodge F. and A. M., Royal Arch Chapter, the Council and Ark. Marines, Jefferson Chapter, O. E. S., Knights of Pythias, Union Bank, and the Anti-Saloon League. He was a Past Master of Jefferson Lodge, and the first Patron of the O. E. S.

Mr. Day was a highly respected citizen, a kind friend to all local friends. He was always ready to give aid to the needy and unfortunate. He had a deep and abiding interest in the growth of the town, and in the progress and welfare of the school which he attended.

Relatives, neighbors and school children all unite in mourning his loss.

The funeral services were held at 2 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, at the Unitarian Church attended by Rev. C. G. Miller of South Paris. The Masonic burial service was impressively given. The fraternal organizations attended in a body. The profound sense of beautiful flowers showed the love and esteem in which he was held by all.

Mrs. Minnie C. Foster.

Mrs. Minnie C. Foster, widow of Andrew C. Foster, died at her home on West Street South Paris Tuesday from a cerebral shock sustained some two weeks previous.

She was the daughter of Emery E. and Anna (Foster) Lowell, one of four children, the others being Andrew N. Dexter E. and Abbie Frances, widow of Elroy J. Foster. She married Andrew J. Foster and to them were born three children, Ruth, Anna and Mabel.

Mr. Foster died in 1911, leaving his wife and three children.

Mrs. Foster's husband, Arthur E. Foster, died in 1918, leaving his wife and three children.

Mr. Foster was a member of the Masonic Lodge, and the first Patron of the O. E. S.

Mr. Foster was a highly respected citizen, a kind friend to all local friends. He was always ready to give aid to the needy and unfortunate. He had a deep and abiding interest in the growth of the town, and in the progress and welfare of the school which he attended.

Relatives, neighbors and school children all unite in mourning his loss.

Mr. Dunnack reviewed the Bible in its scriptural aspects as to its origin and character, and quoted at some length from the writings of scholars who recognize the value of the Bible in its various forms.

He noted that the Bible is always the "best seller," and that it has been translated already into 700 different languages and dialects. The Bible is not infallible in all its moral principles, but it contains the most important things of life. No book holds so vital a relation to the minds and hearts of the people as the Bible.

There was nothing in any sense sectarian or controversial about Mr. Dunnack's address, but it was a presentation of the subject which informed and delighted all who heard it.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our most sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends for their kindly ministrations during my long confinement, our bereavement; also for the many silent messages expressed in the beautiful flowers sent by the church, Pauline Masonic Lodge, the men at the station, the other friends, and for the words of comfort spoken by our pastor, Rev. H. A. McGlaughlin.

MRS. NELLIE F. FARNUM.

MYTHER F. FARNUM.

YOUTHFUL F. FARNUM.</p

South Paris, Maine, December 18, 1923

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Marlow Helps Himself

By JANE OSBORN

(© 1923 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

His name was James Marlow, but he had been known in college for three years as Mill Marlow. First it had been "Mill Marlow," but that had been contracted until now most of his associates had forgotten how the nickname originated.

It was during the first few weeks of his freshman year that this nickname attached itself to him, for he had spent with an easy lavishness and generosity that was striking even in a college like Tilton, where millionaires' sons were plenty.

It was Marlow's bachelor uncle who suggested with smiling money during these first three years.

Then at the end of Marlow's junior year he went to Tilton, found his young nephew living with considerably more luxury and comfort than he himself; supporting a high-powered car; heard of his frequent weekend trips to attend lavish house parties at princely estates, and nobles of his general popularity.

"Last of all, he had boasted of one of James' classmates having the young man but acquired the name "Mill" and on learning the origin of that soubriquet he reversed his policy.

Quite abruptly, but with perfect good nature, he shut off the allowance that had spread Marlow's course through college with gold pieces.

"You've shown that you know how to spend money like a gentleman," said Marlow's uncle, "but that you can get along without it—like a gentleman. I'll probably provide for them when you are through."

"You'll probably make good on your own account so that you'll have no need of my help. In the meantime you must earn your own living. I'll pay your tuition—you do the rest."

"All right, Uncle," said Marlow with a smile. "I can't help saying I'm surprised, but I guess I'll manage. There are a lot of my fellow workers along their way and it doesn't seem to do them any harm."

"We've got an employment bureau here, you know, and any fellow that's willing to do anything can get work. I may have to cut lawns and scrub back yards. You haven't any objection to my doing that, have you?"

"Not in the least," said the uncle.

The only thing I would regret would be that a name sake of mine was unwilling to do any honest work that offered itself."

So "Mill" Marlow presented himself to the young graduate student in charge of the student employment agency one day in May of his junior year. It was not for several minutes that the young man comprehended that "Mill" actually wanted work himself and had not come to get a student to work for him.

"Hm—" said the young graduate, fingering the card in a wooden box on his desk, which presumably listed present openings not yet filled. "Know how to work a typewriter— shorthand?"

"Mill" Marlow said he did not.

"I can run any sort of car," he watched.

"Chamfering jobs are scarce," said the young man. "Besides, the fellows all want them. There is a waiting list that will never supply with chameur for summer."

There was really very little choice and James Marlow took the card and the name of Miss Clarissa Henshaw's Gray Gables, Billingshurst, a day or two later when he could take enough time from lectures he motored out to Billingshurst.

He still kept his car though he felt that it would be wise to store it in his uncle's garage and not have it with the man who had the small income that he earned for himself. He had planned to take a short trip his way to Miss Clarissa Henshaw's.

It was a month or so later that Mr. James Marlow, Sr., met the very charming daughter of the very rich Mr. Latters, with whom he played golf. The daughter Barbara was sitting on the porch of the country club when they met.

"Mr. James Marlow," repeated the young girl with a little embarrassment, and then, "Please say son—a Mr. James Marlow."

"Daughter, Mr. Marlow is a bachelor," corrected the father, but Mr. Marlow explained that he had a nephew of the name—a nephew of Tilton.

"Then it's the same one," cried the ingenuous Barbara. "Isn't that too exciting?"

"Now I ask how you met my nephew?" asked the uncle, more interested than he liked to admit.

"Why at Miss Henshaw's—a house party at the Gray Gables at Billingshurst. A wonderfully perfect house and a wonderful party."

"I've heard of it, of course. It's one of the finest country houses in the country. I imagine," said Mr. James Marlow. "But how did you happen to meet my nephew there?"

"As a guest," said Barbara. "He's a great favorite with Clarissa—Miss Henshaw's daughter. You know she's quite old, but she is perfectly dear and has the cleverest horoscopes. It just happened," added Barbara with a blush. "That Mr. Marlow's nephew, and I saw quite a lot of each other. He motored me back to town Monday in his own car, because most of the people stayed and the chauffeurs were all busy and I just had to come."

"His own car!" said the uncle, III confirming his surprise. "I understand that he was going to give up his car, but I had no idea he was going to house parties."

"Well, I don't see why he shouldn't," said Barbara. "I should think a young man in his position could go where he wanted. He was at the Van der Befek's house party the week before to meet that count—I can't pronounce his name. Miss Henshaw was there, too. There isn't anywhere that he isn't friend."

"Indeed," said the uncle, and somehow managed to get away from the annoying young Barbara.

The next day he called at his own and his nephew's bank. It seemed as if he must be managing somehow to get money, though he had given him an allowance for over a month and he had agreed not to borrow. At the bank there were no charges against

HELPING OUT THE FARM WIFE

Missouri Woman in Charge of Home Economics Work of Department of Agriculture.

Then the uncle, irate to the point of wishing to disinherit him, sent for his lawyer. "Meet me day after tomorrow morning at 11 in my office, if you can," he said. "I'll have my young scapgegrace of a nephew there for a conference. I am going to cut him off with a few hundred dollars, and I want him to understand it."

"Uncle Marlow had already telegraphed to the address in Tilton which his nephew had given him his headquarters for the summer. The next day just before the appointment to which he had been summoned he received a telegram in return.

"Sorry," said the message, "WILL come end of week. We're having a big sale."

"Job," spurted the uncle, now perfectly sure that nothing would alter his determination to disinherit his nephew who deceived him, and then lied about it. That he had lied he felt sure, because the telegram had been sent from Billingshurst, so it was quite clear that he was still at a millionaire's seat.

The work of the government in trying studies and reports on preparation of foods is to be carried on, but the Missouri woman will go into phase of home management neglected in the past, says a Washington letter in the Kansas City Times.

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South Paris, Maine, December 18, 1923

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Cupid in a Caravan

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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Mother—was there ever any gypsy blood in our family?"

Jane Eddy asked the question quite out of a summer sky.

"No, my dear, never. Your father was pure New Englander and I am Scotch as far back as we can trace."

Jane stretched restlessly in her chair. "Oh, I sometimes feel as if I had an inheritance of wandering instinct. I've always wanted to live in a tent that would fold up when ever I felt weary of the place in which it was pitched. You must know that, mother, even with your lack of understanding of your only daughter's temperament."

Mrs. Eddy looked patiently won-

dered. "You have been a restless child,

and as I remember it, you did

play tent with every bit of old potato

you could borrow from the barn."

But why should you be restless now? You have everything."

"Don't begin to tell me what I have, mother—please." Interrupted Jane, none too respectfully. "I know all that I have, but it isn't what I want."

Her mother shook her head and com-

mented: "Jane, you are

too near to the clicking of the needles and the rhythmic rocking on

the boards, could stand it no longer.

She ran down the steps and out

across the garden like a wild child.

Mrs. Eddy looked over her glasses at her daughter's receding figure, shook her head again and continued knitting.

Jane has always declared that at

that moment she intended running from her destiny. What she did do

however, was to travel with a marionette company that was stop-

ping in front of the gate at the very

moment that Jane reached it to go-

she knew not where.

"Could we perhaps camp for the night on some of your land?" asked a very well spoken young woman of Jane as she stood, breathless, just within the gateway.

"Why—certainly. Of course, you may stay as long as you like, lighting up at the prospect of such close proxim-

ity to real adventures."

Within the next hour as she helped

the party of three, two girls with the

brother of one, to park their car, un-

fasten the trailer and set up their

camp for the night, Jane learned

what gave her hope of her own

future big dreams.

Mr. Eddy's little company was travell-

ing through New England for the sum-

mer months, giving marionette shows for

children. They had written the play-

for the purpose of getting the money to

keep its settings—everything, and they had

conceived this way of making a sum-

mer's income. They had met with

success and were pleasing the village

people with their artistic performance.

Jane was loath to leave the party,

but when the man had set up the

camp and the girls had begun to get

ready the evening meal, Jane felt

she might be an intruder. She would

have liked nothing better than to have

remained with the party.

After the frugal family meal with

her mother and father she felt as if

she could stand the confinement

and dullness of the home a moment

longer. She longed to be out with the

campers in their caravan home.

She was sitting with her nose glued

to the window pane that let in the

moonlight when she saw the man

of the party approaching the house.

Jane rushed to the porch.

"One of the girls has caught cold

and tonight she seems a trifle uncom-

fortable. Wonder you didn't let us

have some medicine, so that we

might give her an old-fashioned cold

cure?" asked the young man, his cap

in his hand, one foot on the steps.

"Why, we could do more than that,

I'm sure. Let her come in and spend

the night. Mother will be glad to give

her care," said Jane.

It was only a short time until Jane

had persuaded her parents to let the

young woman use the guest chamber,

and they were soon bringing her in.

"I think that I'll be shot if we

don't if this cold gets any worse we

won't all get along with us this week,"

said Major Hensley.

In the other towns, and we are all

booked up. I hate to be such a bad

sport," she apologized, as she took the

big, spotless bedroom and looked at

the real bed with delight in her weary

eyes.

Morning found the cold well under

way. The girl was not as accustomed

to outdoor living as her companions,

and she had overdone the roughing-

it. "Would you stay here longer

for a few days?" asked Mrs. Eddy the

other day when asked for the details

of the affair.—Philadelphia Public

Ledger.

"But—I need to operate to the puppets," she replied. "I'm not so im-

portant as Elizabeth and Ted—they

wrote the play and made the whole

thing. They're brother and sister and awfully clever."

As she leaned through Jane's head,

"Would I perhaps."

"Why, of course you could. I could

teach you in an instant if your par-

ents would let you come on with us for a

day or two till Peggy backs up."

Ted Winter, fairly beamed at the

prospect of teaching this pretty little

New England Jane to operate his cher-

ished marionettes.

His sister, too, saw the possibilities

and her mother's smile was reward-

ing. The four young persons, with

Mrs. Eddy as a silent and somewhat

awed listener, sat in the big bedroom

and planned the change of procedure

due to the illness of Peggy Wanser.

Jane, poor girl, was beside herself

with joy, and she was trying to get

placid enough to get an intelligent

idea of what was expected of her.

The town in which the girls were

sojourning was only a few miles

beyond and Ted Winter assumed Jane

that he could teach her in a few hours

how to operate the few dolls that

would fall to her lot.

True to his opinion of himself, he

was able to explain the action of the

strings that control the movements of

the puppets, and Jane very quickly

had the diminutive actors and ac-

tresso moving as if they were really

there.

When the caravan tramped on that

afternoon Jane thought she had never

been so happy in her life. She sat in

the back seat with Elizabeth Whites

and listened to the most wonderful

tales of the trip, of the success of the

little show, of the girl's hopes and

dreams for the future with her mar-

ionette plays. It was as if it were a make-believe day for Jane. As she stood close beside Ted that night after the curtain had gone up and the village audience was assembled she trembled for fear she would pull the wrong strings or otherwise spoil the performance. He assured her as he busily operated controls that she had done well and shifted scenery that it was a remarkable success as an understudy. Elizabeth was at the piano, playing the music to which the dolls danced.

Whatever it was that reached out

that night and enveloped Jane in

its embrace must have been a film

of romance sent from out of the land

of wonder. They both fell in love,

they both knew it. Nothing could have

made either of them believe that they

were not an ideal couple, but that

they were not to be together.

They were to be together, but that

they were to be together in a make-

believe day.

It was weeks afterward that Jane

realized that she had been knitting

the odd socks, mittens, and shirred

scenery that she had knitted for the

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ESTABLISHED 1833.
The Oxford Democrat
ISSUED TUESDAYS.

South Paris, Maine, December 18, 1923

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SOUTH PARIS.

Mount Congregational Church
Services
Wednesday evening.

Mrs. H. K. Stearns of Hebron was in town on Monday last week.

Rev. Chester G. Miller attended the funeral of Fannie M. May at the Universalist Church, Bryant Pond, Tuesday, Dec. 11.

Ladies' Social Union meets at the church Wednesday December 19. All come and bring your thimbles for there are puffs to tack. Lots of work, everybody comes.

All universalists interested in the children's work in support please come to the church on Christmas Eve, Monday. Supper will be at 8:30 and entertainment will follow.

The Christmas exercises at the Baptist Church will consist of a simple pageant on Sunday evening and on Monday evening there will be a general class supper which will be followed by a short program.

Arthur E. Forbes of the Democrat service was confined at his home by illness a few days past.

Mrs. Nellie M. Hayes of Bangor is visiting her son and wife, Superintendent and Mrs. Alden B. Hayes.

Miss Lizzie Morse of North Waterford has come to South Paris, where she will remain for the next few weeks.

Frank McGinley will spend the Christmas recess from Bates College with his parents and Mrs. George McGinley at his village.

Mrs. J. G. Littlefield was in Boston with her sister, Mrs. F. H. Doherty, of Norway, who went to the Hub for medical treatment.

Little Miss Frances Russell gave an exhibition in the dancing between the "Aaron Stick," at the Universal fair at Norway last week.

A. E. Morse went to Boston to attend the meeting of the New England State Association on the 5th. He gave several readings, which delighted the audience.

Shaw's Orchestra will play for dances the following place this week: Tuesdays night in Buckfield, Friday night in Hebron Falls, Saturday night in Norway, and will play in Norway on Saturday night.

The December meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Benjamin Swett of Western Avenue. The ladies are requested to bring their sewing.

This has been a busy week at the exchanges. There were 150 pieces for the evening express east on Monday night, 120 Tuesday, 29 Wednesday, 65 Thursday and 200 Friday, and there were 100 packages for the forenoon trains.

A. E. Morse, chaplain of the Marine State Grange, was in attendance on that day at their meet in Lewiston last week. In addition to his duties as chaplain, he read several selections before that body, which brought forth the usual storm of applause.

The following pupils of the Shurtleff Primary had 100 per cent in spelling on the week ending Dec. 14: Grade 1, Elsie Cummings, Ruth Smith, Donald Taft, Donald Witham, Pauline McGee, Standard Merrill, Celia Maxim, Charlotte Lavel, Jack Penfield.

Frank Colodige sent the names of fifty post masters recently nominated to the State Tax Commission. It is important that that of Earle R. Clifford of this village. Three other Oxford County nominees were also sent, that of Wright A. Bibes of Canton, John E. Siegel of Skowhegan, and Walter A. Stiles of Lovell.

Walter L. Gray was in Augusta Wednesday and Thursday. He was one of the contestants in the case in equity of Benjamin E. Brown vs. Philip D. Norcum et al., seeking to restrain the defendant from erecting a dam which will cut off the head of Lake Kezar in Lovell. It was heard before the law court on those days.

E. P. Crockett made quite an exhibit of his Light Brahama poultry at the Maine State Poultry Association's show in Portland last week. He secured quite a number of prizes and received \$100 in cash. The cock, three years old, was 100 pounds and third on her. There were more than two thousand birds exhibited, and they comprised all varieties.

In accordance with a ruling of the postmaster general, the rural carriers will not make the rounds on Sunday, so we will go without them accordingly. An airmail will arrive Saturday morning, Dec. 23, and the post office will be open to patrons after the mail is distributed. Beginning Wednesday, Dec. 27, the post office will be closed evenings after the mail is distributed.

The following pupils in the Shurtleff Primary received 100 per cent in spelling for the week ending Dec. 14: Grade 3, Bill Perry, Ruth Mills, Helen Merritt, Ruth McLean, Geneva Turner, Anna Martin, Sophie Johnson, Ruth and Laurence Brown, Grade 2, Barbara Davis, Alta Harriman, Arlene Butt, Nellie Maxim, Lottie Record, Raymond Chapman, Arnold Tash and Clyde Clegg.

The same variety of weather that has been experienced for the past month or so was with us last week. That period of time began with warm, cloudy weather, which generated a snow storm Tuesday. Some six inches of damp snow fell, followed by a period of warm, more warm weather. It did not drive wheels from the street, although one or two light sledges appeared. Wednesday, given the name of "Wet Wednesday," the temperature was colder, giving us the coldest morning of the year Saturday.

Morton D. Benson and Wilfred Crockett of this town are in the county jail charged with breaking, entering and larceny. Sheriff W. A. Frothingham was unable to get a trial date, so the Municipal Court they entered a plea of not guilty but probable cause was found and they were bound over for the February term of court to be tried in sum of \$500, which they paid. They were released on bail and was placed under \$200 bonds for appearance at the February term, which he was unable to obtain and so was committed. Some more charges were taken from the Crockett premises. The elder Crockett and Benson have obtained bail since this was written.

One day in the fore part of last week, a couple of young men drew up at Cole & Child's garage and bought a car, then left. They later came back with a check on a bank book. The check came back with the endorsement "no account." The company took the man's name and number, but the car could not be located. It is a good way to locate the car, but it was finally done—in Albany. The two men were working in the woods there, having cut a warrant and driving away. They were given a ride along, then proceeded to that town to only find they were boarding in Greenwood. After some wait they were apprehended driving a pulp truck. On seeing trouble, they fled, but the police追上了 them and the car was taken, although Deputy Sheriff W. A. Frothingham had five shots at him. The other was captured and brought to the police station, and it is a good way to locate the car, but it was finally done—in Albany. The two men were working in the woods there, having cut a warrant and driving away. 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